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Martlet

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of victoria
victoria, b.c.

Not enough housing to go around

Student-community solidarity essential

OTTAWA (CUP) - Students must realize that "the housing crisis" is not a short-term problem exclusive to students. It is a complex, long-term "social disaster" which is getting worse, and which governments at all levels have failed to grapple with.

And students should devote their energy and add their numbers to the ranks of Canadians now demanding and pressuring for decent housing "so that as students they have a better chance of getting adequate housing, and so that after they leave the educational system, they will not have to struggle with a disastrous housing problem."

This was the substance of a statement released 26 August by the National Union of Students (NUS) in Ottawa.

It comes at a time when half a million post-secondary students across Canada intending to return to school are finding that there just isn't enough housing to go around.

With a federally imposed freeze on student housing funds since 1973, despite increasing enrollment, with building starts down 28 per cent over last year, which was a 20 per cent drop from the previous year, and with an average vacancy rate across the country of 1.2 per cent, the NUS release concludes that "only a general improvement of the housing situation will mean an improvement in student's housing.

The NUS position bitterly attacks all levels of government for "inaction" in the face of increased household formations and a deteriorating housing supply, rapidly advancing rents and housing prices, and landlord resistance to protective legislation for tenants.

Municipalities and provincial governments are criticized for not legislating or enforcing adequate repairs to low-quality housing or reasonable rental rates.

"They have refused to recognize that the housing shortage gives landlords and developers a virtual monopoly" the statement reads, adding that "most of these governments still act as though tenants, even low-income tenants, can pick and choose from among the available housing stock."

The federal government is condemned for failing to create housing, and adopting a "basically stand-still position since 1973", citing the federal cut backs in CMHC funding for co-operative and low and middle income housing, as an example.

Faced with a worsening situation and what NUS sees as government inaction, the national union calls on students "to join with others who are working to reverse the present decline."

"Unless those in Canadian society who are being exploited through the housing crisis work together, there is little likelihood of governments acting to make decent accomodation available to all."

The statement points out that "a considerable number of student governments have already contacted active community housing groups and tenants unions in their community" and urges that others do likewise.

According to NUS, students have "a unique role to play" in community housing action. Students, as a low income group during their term of studies, compete with other low-income groups for housing. However, they are in a unique position because of their existing organizational structures through which collective resources and action may be utilized.

Also, students move more frequently than other groups, and hence have a chance to "feel the housing crunch" more often. And, students who live in institutional accomodation can participate more freely in pro-tenant activity "because they have less reason to fear landlord reprisals," the statement reads.

But the fact that students have a better chance of affording adequate accomodation after they graduate is viewed as a mixed blessing from the perspective of students as pro-housing activists.

On the one hand, the statement says, they are "less liable to discouragement", but on the other they are "more liable to lose interest" in the issues of improved housing for all.

Improvement in housing, according to NUS, includes the preservation of neighbourhoods, increased protection for tenants, and government action to increase the stock of housing available.

With particular reference to students, NUS calls for "an end to discrimination by occupation" whereby landlords can refuse to rent to students because they are students.

And the national student union also calls for resumed government funding of student residences "where there is a proven need." Because students compete with other low-income groups for housing, the provision of student residences would reduce the pressure on that type of accomodation, the statement says.

It concludes by urging students to realize that the "housing crisis" isn't just something that happens for three weeks each year in the Fall and to students, and asks students and student organizations to become more involved in ongoing community housing action programmes.

"Throughout the year, not just for a few weeks in the fall, students should be one of the groups asking that decent housing be made available to all Canadians," it concludes.

No local stopgaps yet

by Bruce MacKenzie

The housing situation at the University of Victoria this year doesn't look any better than it was last year. That's the word from some of the people who have been looking into the accommodation problem at the university.

In an effort to find at least temporary solutions to the problem, UVic president Dr. Howard Petch organized a meeting between the various people concerned. The group, which met during the summer, examined a number of possible answers but completly failed to come up with any significant proposals.

Among the possibilities looked at during the summer was the use of trailers to house at least some of the homeless students. UVic Housing Director, Mrs. Shirley Baker, told the Martlet that this plan, once seen as the major alternative, would be far too expensive. "It would probably cost about $400 a month for each trailer," she said.

A second possibility was the construction of a "tent city" to provide temporary housing for students while they tried to find permanent accommodation. AMS president Clayton Shold said that if there is a great need, he is willing to try to arrange for students to set up tents on grounds near the SUB and to have the SUB itself opened for longer hours for the use of washrooms. Shold definitely ruled out the possibility of allowing some students to sleep in the SUB or the commons block. "I've written to several other universities about the idea," he said. "One place that hadn't tried it said to go ahead, but all the ones that have tried it were against it. The problem is getting students to leave once they're in."

One result of the summer meeting was a stepped-up publicity campaign informing the community of the plight of out-of-town students. Mrs. Baker said; "I am delighted at the response from the community." She told the Martlet that her department expects to receive more than 1000 offers of space. Last year's figure was 850.

The types of accommodation include some hotel and motel rooms, apartments, housekeeping suites and room and board situations. Mrs. Baker said there has been a large increase in room and board places over last year.

In spite of the community response it seems likely that hundreds of students will have trouble finding housing.

For the future, it looks as though the student housing situation won't get any better for years to come.

According to Mrs. Baker, the Housing department is concentrating its energies on solving immediate problems because it can do nothing about the obvious solution of more on-campus residences.

Clayton Shold told the Martlet that a detailed study of needs and resources for residences has been prepared, ready to go to the architects as soon as the okay is given. According to the study, new residences for 600 people would cost $5,390,000 and take two years to complete. The new residences would be located on the site of the basketball court behind the Lansdowne residences.

The problem, as always, is money.

"We are facing a terrific problem," Dr. Petch told the Martlet. "The Universities' Council will not allocate capital funds for campus housing and there is no money available through Central Mortgage and Housing."

The council is the newly-formed provincial body that holds the purse strings of the three universities as far as large

continued on nine

Alternative food buying

photo by Bob Brophy

by Anne Zamluk

The Fernwood Food Co-op Store, 2009 Fernwood Road, 385-2933, is in the early stages of it's development.

The members of the Co-op hope to eat well and cheaply by ordering and selling their own food in their store. The plan is to not pay the salaries of cashiers, packers, managers and stockers because the members will do the work themselves.

The Fernwood Food Co-op Store was started by some people from a re-cycling group, the Housesavers, within Amor de Cosmos, a pre-order co-op in Victoria. They were assisted by people from a store-front co-operative in Vancouver to start. They found the store, leafleted the Fernwood area and held a meeting attended by 130 people. They haven't looked back since.

At this time, the Co-operative has rented a store and has half the money needed to open. Much of the work necessary to pass health inspection and to run a pleasant, clean store has been done.

Although the complete $4,000, estimated by the Food Committee, needed to open the store hans't been collected; the co-op membership decided to open on September 6, 1975 with the existing money. The main source of income for the co-op is from shares bought by the members and the membership felt more people would buy them once food was on the shelves.

The Food Committee has compiled a list of food items and supplies, estimated the amounts of food needed, hopes to set up a simple ordering system and plans on going into food research once the dust settles.

They have considered several aspects of the items other than their food value: political implications, excess packaging and majority interest.

The co-op hopes to carry dairy products, eggs, meat, fish, baking supplies, bulk whole grains, bulk dried food, local and imported cheeses, several canned goods, herbs, spices and some exotic stuff for interest. The milk will be available in raw and homogenized form, the yogurt will be made by the store. The Fernwood Bakery, which uses fresh ground wheat, will supply bread and has suggested making special loaves. The meat and fish will not be on the shelf and will be ordered a week in advance in the hope of overcoming the problem of spoilage and overstocking. Suggestions will be eagerly sought and a bulletin board will be used to answer them. The co-op will change with time as experience and new information becomes apparent.

The Co-op will mark up the food 10 per cent above food cost to cover the overhead in the store. Food will be bought in bulk whenever possible and from other Co-operatives such as Fed-Up wholesalers in Vancouver. In so doing, members will save about 20 per cent on food.

The money to open the store has come from the sale of shares, $25 per share, and from interest-free loans from sympathetic groups and individuals. More stock will be purchased whenever more money comes in. Shares may be bought in two chunks: an initial payment of $15 (can be $5.00), then $10 within 3 months. They are refundable when a member leaves the co-op.

Seventy percent of the Fernwood Store Co-op membership comes from the Fernwood area so far. People are welcome to join from anywhere around Victoria. The current members include fixed income, poor, and dedicated co-op people. A small survey indicates over half are vegetarians and the others are meat-and-vegetable types. Few middle class professionals have joined yet, no doubt because their salaries have been increasing.

A co-op member must be willing to work 4-6 hours a month to support the store and attend some policy meetings to make decisions on the co-op's direction.

Some people find participation the most difficult part. Neighbourhood groups will be responsible for a day's work in a month at the store and a co-ordinator will be appointed by each group to oversee the operations within it. The groups can be formed by geographical boundaries or by interest and should hold 15-20 individuals. If a member can't work within the store many jobs can be found so that the work load is even. Bookeeping, maintenance, newsletter work, yogurt making and innumerable necessary tasks could be done at convienent times and places (even at home). The co-op is a good place to make friends and to learn new skills.

The Fernwood Food Co-op Store is an ordinary looking grocery store with bulletins in the window near Cool-Aid and the Indian Friendship Center. It has refrigerators, shelves, windows, a new bathroom, storage and other store-type equipment. The co-op members are enthusiastic about their store and have plans for making it a little warmer through the use of plants, wood, paint and wall hangings.

The store will be open 3 days a week in the afternoon and the evening until the co-op expands with more people. Morning opening is being considered for the early birds. Systems for money handling, stock taking, ordering and distribution will be set out in a simple form so inexperienced members can do anything without making a hopeless mess.

Education is an important function in a co-operative. The shoppers will be as familiar with the routine as the store keepers, simply because they will be the store keepers! If any problems arise they can be solved by a combination of all those in the store. Who needs managers?

With new members the store will be able to open longer hours, back interesting food projects, buy more variety, support other co-operatives and supply better food.

Co-operatives try to avoid the unfriendly and pushy atmosphere in larger chain stores and encourage warmth and friendship. They are good places to meet new friends.

For Fernwood Food Co-op Store details phone Andrea at 384-0277.

The Edsel Factor

by Arnold Edsel

The tough, crusty newspaper editor looked directly at me across his littered desk. It was the first time I'd seen his clear, probing eyes gazing into my own. He'd even hung up the phone to talk to me. I could sense something was in the air, other than the heady perfume of his Havana cigar. This was no ordinary meeting with the editor, two sentences snatched from a phone conversation and a new assignment.

"Kid," he said in his harsh voice, "you're new to this outfit, but you're good. I like what you have to say, and you say it good."

"Thank you, sir," I demurred, my heart pounding like a pile driver, I was so proud.

"Cut all that polite crap. You're in a tough business. There ain't no please and thank-you and excuse me stuff when you're out there ferreting out the truth from behind the bafric of lies that is everyday life.

Now like I say, I like your work. And it's because of this that I'm giving you one of the toughest assignments I could possibly give you. But I'm sure you can handle it. That's why I'm talking to you. I believe in you and your ability. I want you to know you're not alone in this world. We're all behind you to the bitter end. All you gotta do is go out there and find the truth and prove that my trust in you was well-placed."

I nodded, speechless. My big chance was here. It was now or never.

"I want you to uncover the truth about student housing and financial aid on this campus."

He waved me out of his office.

Within minutes I was out in the street, interviewing people. The truth was hard to find. I pounded miles and miles of pavement, fed pounds of dimes into phone booths, harassed hundreds of secretaries who blocked my way to the men in the know, filled piles of notebooks with shorthand interviews with people from all walks in life. By the time I finished I felt as though I'd spoken to every person in the city. And yet the work had hardly begun.

The next stage seemed even more laborious. I locked myself into my tiny, dingy, stuffy office that was tucked away in an obscure corner of the huge dynamic press building and sifted through my notes. I knew now what I was looking for. Facts. Statistics. Common denominators. The majority opinion. It took ages just to collate all this complex information into some form of meaningful form. And I still was far from finished.

After I had gone through all my material I had to organize it so that rather than representing a myriad of viewpoints, it was one cohesive, all-inclusive statement of the facts.

Once that was completed I was nearing the truth.

All that was left was to deduce it from the bared facts. Suddenly it was all crystal clear. All my work was not in vain. The truth leapt at me from the page.

At last I had reached the last stage. All I had to do was to translate my findings into a correct, concise summary, containing all the facts, showing all the conflicting and agreeing viewpoints and telling the plain unvarnished truth, that could be easily understood by the average newspaper readers.

Here it is:

Few people in Victoria are aware that there is a housing and financial crisis threatening University students here at UVic.

Most people have a place to live and a steady income.

The majority of these people are not associated at all with students and few are aware of student problems in finding suitable places to live and finding some way of paying their way through University. Those that are aware do not envy the students their problems.

Most students have considerable difficulty finding suitable places to live and often must settle for less than they would like, sacrificing comfort for cost.

Many who apply for financial aid complain of inefficiency, incompetence and delays in getting the money they need to survive.

"The situation is shocking," more than one person has remarked.

Why such a situation should exist at all is beyond the grasp of this correspondent.

Something must be done!

We're Back!

Join us

at our first general meeting in the

Martlet Newsroom (Room 108, SUB)

at 12.30 in the afternoon.

Monday, September 8th.

For further information phone the Martlet at 477–3611.

MERCURY POISONING

(CUP) While Kenora, Ontario, festers on the poison of racism, the native people are dying of the poison of mercury.

Two Japanese experts on Minamata disease - environmental mercury poisoning - say the situation at two reserves near Kenora is grave and shocking.

They found symptoms consistent with early mercury poisoning. Cats at White Dog and Grassy Narrows reserve are dying the same bizarre deaths as cats in Minamata and Niigata, Japan, before the disease showed up in humans a few years ago.

The Japanese experts termed the Canadian governmental officials supposedly involved with the mercury situation as "irresponsible, indifferent, and (they) know nothing about mercury at all."

So far, all the meaningful data collected on the subject in Canada has come not from government, but from concerned laymen.

"If you don't start action you will have a more serious result than we had," Dr. Jun Ui, professor of urban engineering at the University of Tokyo, told a public meeting at the University of Toronto in late March.

Dr. Masazumi Harada, of the University of Kumamoto, and chief medical investigator of Minamata Disease in Japan, said, "The situation is very shocking. Please don't repeat the mistakes we made in Japan."

Dr. Harada showed a film of Japanese cats writhing in uncontrollable spasms, or trying to walk on hind legs that wouldn't respond. Many cats in that country dragged themselves to the sea and drowned themselves.

Before the disease was dubbed Minamata Disease, people of that town called it "cat's dancing disease".

Then he showed a film of a cat from the White Dog reserve. It was going through the same motions.

After their investigations in the north, the two experts then spoke at the University of Toronto's Medical Science Center along with Chief Andy Keewatin. They told the general public it should organize support to force the Canadian Government to release all its reports on mercury poisoning and to stop the companies from further pollution.

Dr. Jun Ui said, "I think that in the Dryden (Kenora) area it is worse than it is in Japan. Here, there's not as much mud and the mercury lies on top lonter, while in Japan the mud covers it up and it's coming out of the various river mouths."

Dr. Jun Ui told the audience, "If it were this bad in Japan, peple would actually be taking matters into their own hands."

The two physicians were also shocked at the living conditions of the native people. "If people had to live like that in Japan," they said, "they'd automatically rebel."

People can get mercury poisoning by eating the types of food in the area: fish, ducks, and even deer which drink the polluted water and eat the poisoned grass along the shore. The disease, which attacks the central nervous system, has no known cure. It makes people act something like a drunk.

In 1956, when Minamata Bay in Japan was polluted with heavy metals, the people of Minamata took the struggle into their own hands and won an anti-pollution law which places the burden of proof on the company that it is not polluting. If the poeple can show they suffered harm, the company must pay 100 per cent compensation, plus 100 per cent and indifferent in their attitude. Some know nothing of mercury at all."

In July, ten White Dog and Grassy Narrows people, at least some of whom are sure to have mercury poisoning, were brought to Tokyo by the Minamata Patients' Federation, composed of Japanese people who are victims of the disease. There they will see medical experts - doctors

of whatever it costs for them to clean it up.

The two Japanese scientists pried out of Ottawa officials the information that a cat brought into the area and fed the same fish the native people eat developed Minamata disease with 100 days. The Canadian Government has said that the official results will not be released for 1½ years.

Dr. Ui said the pulp waste in Dryden was incredible in a country that had been described to him as a kind of paradise with green forests and blue lakes. He also expressed surprise in the "large difference between the whites and the Indians, especially the miserable living conditions on the reserves."

And, he added, "all of us were surprised with the meeting with the Standing Committee for Mercury Pollution in Ottawa. Some members of the Government are irresponsible who know something about the disease.

Just a week before, Prof. Tadao Takeuchi announced from Kumamoto that brain specimens of two cats, one from each reserve, showed both cats had been poisoned. One of the cats had died with the classic symtoms of mercury poisoning, and the other cat was killed before the disease itself had finished it off.

At the same time, the governor of Kumamoto prefecture in which Minamata lies added 15 more persons to the list of 723 known victims of the disease. 120 persons on the list have already died.

Government experts have traced the source of the mercury in the affected English and Wabigoon River systems to the Dryden Chemical Company in its processes to supply the companion Dryden Pulp and Paper Co. mill. The company says it will be converting to a non-mercury system later this year "if the equipment comes in time." However, it is inherent in mercury poisoning that the mercury will be in the water for generations to come, and people who already have the disease but who have not yet begun to show outward symptoms cannot be helped.

Ian Ramsay, director of Environment's Thunder Bay office, confirmed that the mercury in the bottom sludge is expected to be a problem "for nobody knows how long." He thinks the Kenora "problem" is going to be a longer, stretched-out version of the Minamata tragedy.

Dr. Peter Newberry, a retired Canadian Foreces physician, has been at the reserves since last November. He tells of one 35-year-old man with high mercury readings, a man who once had hopes of playing professional hockey, who now has an uncontrollable quiver in his upper lip, difficulty pronouncing some words, and is unable to balance on one foot with his eyes closed. That is the beginning of the end.

Grassy Narrows is just 50 miles from Kenora. Its only commercial food supply is the Hudson's Bay Company's store, where food prices are about twice the rates in Kenora. A dozen eggs are $1.65, bacon $1.85 a slab pound, apples $2.35 for five pounds. The Indian Affairs Department had rejected a plea from Grassy Narrows for help in starting a non-profit cooperative store - the Department ruled such a store would be unfair competition for the Hudson's Bay Co.

The Ontario and Canadian Governments continue to sidestep the issue. On April 30, the Ontario Government offered the Indians community freezers and access to uncontaminated lakes so they may fish to stock the freezers.

Recently, the standard don't-eat-the-fish letters sent to residents of the two reserves were withdrawn. The universal advice now is not to eat the fish.

Ontario Cabinet ministers, notably Health Minister Frank Miller, repeatedly told the Ontario Legislature last fall that "we told the Indians to stop eating the fish." Actually, there were three letters - severely poisoned persons were told no more fish, while those less-severely poisoned were advised to eat smaller fish, and to fish in waters with lower mercury counts.

The politicians and their scientific hired hands were still saying that they lacked proof that the mercury is damaging Indian health. "We are getting more cautious," they concede.

Besides, ad Dr. Peter Connop, Thunder Bay zone director of the federal Health Ministry's medical services branch says, "All the politics of the whole matter are very complicating factors."

That includes efforts on the part of the government not to say anything that might further damage the tourist and sport-fishing industries of Ontario's north, already taking losses in their profits from the temporary bans on fishing for food the Ontario Government issued in 1973.

As a partial and temporary measure, native people at Restigouche Reserve on the St. Lawrence River in eastern Quebec announced it would ship freshly-caught salmon to their relatives at White Dog and Grassy Narrows. All costs of the donated shipment were covered by the Micmac reserve. In return appreciation, the Ontario reserves sent wild rice to Restigouche.

Aileen M. Smith, who with her husband, W. Eugene Smith, one of the U.S.' most famous news photographers, had documented the Minamata disease, tells how she had talked to her friends in Japan about what was happening with the native people in Kenora. "They shake their heads. 'Won't we ever learn?' they say. I wish the Canadians could hear Minamata patients speak of Canada as though it were just as close to them as any part of the Minamata area. I wish somehow that I could make those people in Canada feel the anguish in the eyes of the Minamata patients for the patients-to-be."

Reprinted from Akwasasne Notes; a journal for Native and Natural Peoples.

Editorial ★

It appears that there are still people at UVic who refuse to accept the fact that many of us cannot find a place to live.

During the past two weeks, hundreds of students have been frantically searching for accomodation that is within a reasonable price range. Many of these people are still searching.

Our own office has been flooded with people trying to locate somewhere (in some cases **anywhere**) to live.

It is the same story over and over again. "I've called, but it's taken". "The landlord wanted someone who had a steady job". Or how about the real shafting: "when the guy saw the length of my hair, he said no".

To sum it up: many students cannot find a place, others cannot afford the "going" rate, still others are being discriminated against, quite often simply because they are students.

What is being done about it?

UVic Student Union President, Clayton Shold, says that "if there is a great need" he will try to arrange for a tent city outside the Student Union Building. Wonderful. Living in a tent while hundreds of people pass through your front yard everyday. I suggest that if a tent city is to be set up, it should be done outside Mr. Shold's own home.

And what of UVic's Housing Services?

About all they are doing is pleading with the community to "open up their homes and help out some students". The response to this appeal has been good (according to Housing Services) but the fact remains that there is **no way** they are going to find places for everybody.

It has been suggested that if a demonstration was called to show people how bad things are, no one would show up. We'd all be out looking for homes.

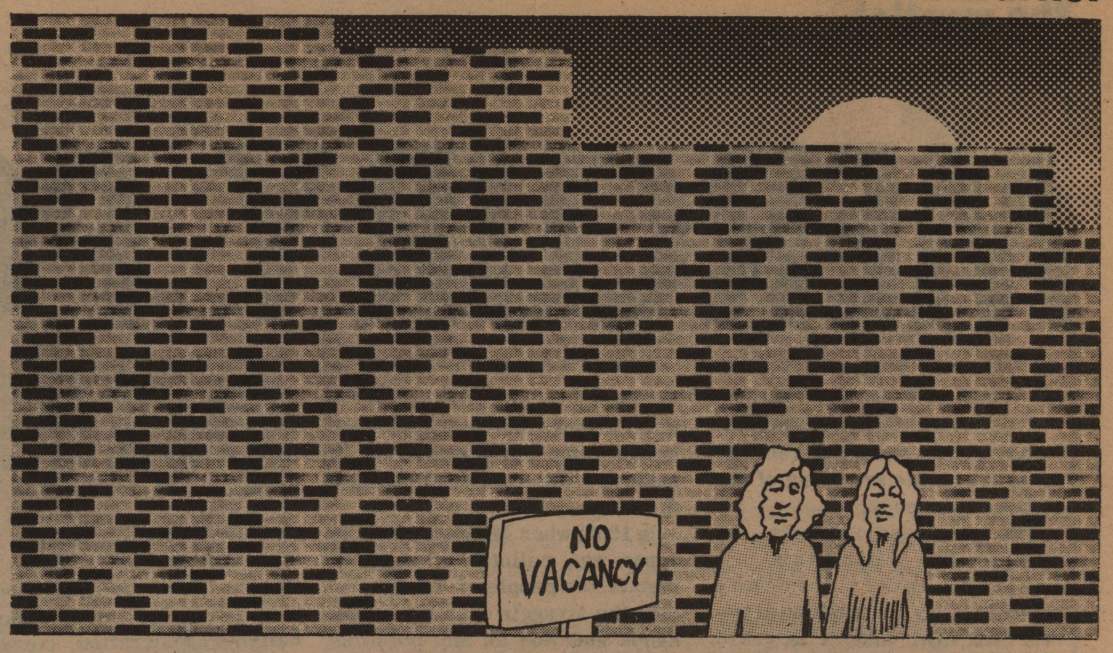
Pressure must be put upon our student union - **now**.

Clayton Shold must come to grips with the reality of this pathetic situation. As a student representative he must be forced to respond to the immediate needs of his electorate.

If Shold and our other representatives refuse to act, then they must be replaced with people who will.

As students we are being backed into a corner.

Doug.



I BOYCOTT THE POSTAL CODE

DO YOU?

The Canadian Union of Postal Workers is urging people to boycott the Postal Code because Postal Workers have no say in the effect automation will have on their lives.

The federal government gave all unionized workers in Canada - except its own, the right to negotiate the effects of technological change through amendments to the Canada Labour Code in 1972.

But the Public Service Staff Relations Act, which governs Public Service unions, prohibits Postal Workers from negotiating the effects of automation, job security, classifications, hiring practices and many other working conditions.

We are boycotting the Postal Code because we want the federal government to give Postal Workers the right to free collective bargaining, a right granted to all unionized workers outside the Public Service.

We are not against automation and recognize its inevitability, but we feel we are entitled to some protection from the adverse effects of automation. And we want these protections where they count - in our contract.

The government has promised no one would be adverfely affected by automation, but you cannot feed your children on promises. If the government wants to reassure us, then let them back their promises by changing the law to give us the rights we are now denied.

By not allowing Postal Workers to negotiate the effects of automation before it is implemented, the government is jeopardizing its entire one-billion-dollar automation program and the future of peaceful relations in the Post Office.

For the Canadian taxpayer who pays the cost of the automation program, using the Postal Code does not make mail delivery any faster or cheaper.

Automated mail equipment is operating in only seven Canadian centres and if you live outside one of these centres, using the Postal Code does absolutely **no** good.

But even if you live in one of the automated centres, using the Postal Code is of little help unless you, (a) use a specific size of envelope, (b) type the code on the envelope within a specific tolerance range, and (c) only put one or two sheets of paper into the envelope.

Even then the machinery has a 30 per cent error rate on general mail and only works for letters sent between two points in the same city.

By supporting Postal Workers and Writing "Boycott the Postal Code" on all your mail you can be sure of one thing - Postal Workers will give your mail the fastest and best service they can.

So, help Postal Workers in their fight to achieve the same rights as every other Canadian worker and at the same time speed up your mail.

Automation should benefit the workers in the industry automated. They should receive better pay and working conditions and their present status should be protected.

Instead, automation will close many Post Offices in smaller centres and force Postal Workers to travel long distances to get to work because the new automated plants will be centralized.

Automation can mean lower classification which means lower pay, a step the government has already tried to take.

Automation means the work force in the Post Office will be reduced until almost all full time positions are eliminated.

Automation in the United States Post Office, which uses the same machinery as Canada, has given Postal Workers impaired vision, loss of hearing and tendonitis, a disease that affects the hands of people who work on the automated coding suites.

Automation will drastically affect the lives of more than 22,000 Canadian families unless Postal Workers are given the right to negotiate all working conditions.

You can help the Postal Workers.

BOYCOTT THE POSTAL CODE.

Stamp or write BOYCOTT THE POSTAL CODE on all your envelopes.

Get your place of employment to BOYCOTT THE POSTAL CODE.

Spread the word.

Letters

Shold safe

Editor, Sir

Sources inside the Biology Department have revealed two secret plans to save UVic from the giant mole threatening the SUB (as reported in the August Martlet).

As part of the first plan, the Biology Department has bred a giant dachsund to crawl down the hole and deal with the dangerous mole.

They have, however, encountered a few problems. When they tried to paper train the dog, they couldn't find enough Martlets on campus. Worse yet, it crushed three students when they called it to heel.

In a more promising line of investigation, the Biology Department's snake people have bred a one hundred and twenty foot garter snake.

Snake-handler Duncan MacIntosh was interviewed by inducing the snake to swallow a cordless microphone.

MacIntosh claimed there were few bugs in the plan yet, as well as a number of white mice, an English sheepdog named Max, a snakehandler, and a Volkswagen.

The plan seems ready for the next phase, laying a trail of Biology students from the Cunningham Building to the SUB to lure the snake over there.

By the way, in case anybody is worried, Clay Shold will be in no danger. If the snake does catch him, it will have to throw him back as he is under the legal limit.

Sincerely,

Dr. J.T. Hertzsprung-Russell

Parting Shot

Editor, Sir

I wish you well in your forthcoming year. I know you had a hard time getting the job because the selection committee was afraid of your political affiliations (to the left) and nervous about your ability to run the production shop (a job you shouldn't have because the AMS should hire a professional production manager).

I realize that you are going to have to deal with a bunch of student politicians that are more interested in their fantasy of "political careers" than they are honestly concerned about student welfare.

I realize that you are saddled with a student President that has stated that he is the President and "runs" the AMS rather than a president who is responsive to the needs of the students. This same president is in the pocket of a special interest group (res. students).

In spite of this opposition and the handicap of obsolete and inadequate equipment I hope you will persevere because the Martlet is the only thing all the students get for their money.

Good luck.

Greg Middleton

(Ed. Note: Greg Middleton was the Martlet Editor last year.)

martlet

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FLIX

If you are looking for entertainment you can afford this year and can't cope with inflation downtown, then check out Cinecenta Films, a division of the Alma Mater Society, now entering its sixth year as an entertainment alternative for students and the university community.

Each year Cinecenta presents an international selection of films from the popular commercial attractions to overlooked and underseen gems of the foreign and independent cinemas.

It's dual purpose is to make possible both an informal atmosphere and the opportunity for our audience to gain a greater appreciation of the nature of film, its history, genres and personal styles.

Some History

Cinecenta first began in the fall of 1970 to fill the gap on campus left by the dissolution of previous film groups. It opened modestly with only half a dozen features before Christmas, but the response was such that the program was expanded to four films a week by January 1971. This pattern continued through winter session 1971-72 with many successes and just as many films which were drastically underattended. In retrospect the problem was simple - a far greater selection than there was potential audience.

The next year offered a chance to correct past mistakes. Cinecenta cut back the program and concentrated on publicity instead; on how to let more people know that Cinecenta existed, what they were doing and showing. With fewer films each week they could more accurately gauge the interests of their audience and plan for the future. Attendance picked up immediately and by the Spring of 1974 they found that UVic was ready for the type and extent of program anticipated from the beginning.

A New Year

This year Thursday nights will be devoted initially to a mini-retrospective, celebrating the Marx Brothers with five films from their Paramount period including **Animal Crackers** and **Duck Soup.**

The world of the Marx Brothers is one of anarchic confusion and fanatical admirers have been known to accept no substitute.

Fridays often feature tributes to directors or stars including offbeat westerns by Monte Hellman and **Birth Of A Nation** by the great pioneer D.W. Griffith during his centenary this year.

Special nights of Humphrey Bogart, John Huston and Stanley Kubrick will follow in November.

Saturdays Cinecenta host the best of the current popular successes, and on Sundays they will alternate with the University Film Society to present an International Series of provocative personal works by directors such as Ingmar Bergman, Luis Bunuel, and the Swiss Alain Tanner. This series is particularly essential to Cinecenta's function as a service to students, for many of these films could not otherwise be seen off-campus in Victoria. All films are in English or have English subtitles.

Like all 16mm cinemas, Cinecenta is at the mercy of the occassional poor print or inefficient shipping services which may delay a film. They feel however that their presentation standards to much to enhance the viewer's enjoyment and will continue to improve in the future.

They are looking forward to moving into the SUB theatre which is under construction, however at present the majority of their showings will continue in the Maclaurin 144 auditorium.

Students and university staff receive priority but guests are permitted if accompanied by a student.

Some films are very heavily attended on the weekend and it is recommended that you come early to avoid disappointment.

A complete brochure of all films will be available September 8th and can be obtained at the Student Union Building, the Bookstore and other locations on campus.

Play it as it lays

An abortive review by Russ Wodell

The Critic is sitting in his specially padded chair. An army travels on its stomach; literature is less dignified. Beside him is a plate piled with crackers-and-cheese. The Critic opens his new novel, **RAGTIME** by E.L. Doctorow (Random House, $10.25). "Nothing quite like it has ever been written before," says the dust jacket. The Critic snorts, having encountered similar claims on the dust jackets of many undistinguished novels. His left hand dips into the crackers-and-cheese.

The epigraph quotes from Scott Joplin: "Do not play this piece fast. It is never right to play Ragtime fast..." A number of Scott Joplin records are stacked on the Critic's turntable, much like the crackers-and-cheese. The **Elite Syncopations** (1902) are playing. The Critic considers it beneath his professional dignity to follow an author's instructions on how to read the author's book.

He turns to Chapter One, which introduces Father, Mother, Grandfather, the Little Boy, and Mother's Younger Brother. It is Sunday afternoon in New Rochelle, New York, 1902. Father and Mother are upstairs behind their closed bedroom door. Grandfather is asleep on the porch. Mother's Younger Brother is out daydreaming of the famously beautiful Evelyn Nesbit. The Little Boy is thinking about the great escape artist Harry Houdini. A black 45-horsepower Pope-Toledo Runabout drives up the hill. It contains the great escape artist Harry Houdini.

The Critic raises his eyebrows and reads on. His right and left hands turn pages and fetch crackers-and-cheese in a syncopated rhythm not unlike those of the famous musician Scott Joplin. Father goes to the North Pole with Peary. An immigrant family, Mameh, Tateh, and the Little Girl, arrive in New York City. Harry K. Thaw murders Stanford White for love of Evelyn Nesbit. The great escape artist Harry Houdini escapes from a cell opposite that of Harry K. Thaw. Freud arrives in America and sails right back to Germany. Evelyn Nesbit meets Tateh and the Little Girl, who have lost Mameh. Younger Brother follows Evelyn Nesbit wherever she goes. Evelyn Nesbit meets the famous anarchist Red Emma Goldman and is radicalized. Younger Brother becomes Evelyn Nesbit's lover. In New Rochelle Mother finds a black baby buried alive in her garden. She takes in the baby and his mother, Sarah. So it goes.

The Critic is reading faster and faster. The book moves past in short declarative sentences. These remind him of the McGuffey readers which Henry Ford mentions to J.P. Morgan at one point. He notes that these sentences build up a syncopated rhythm not unlike those of the famous Scott Joplin. Occasionally historical information is stated flatly and incongrously. While the Critic reads, a space probe approached Mars. The Critic notes that the characters in the novel consist entirely of archetypes (Father, Mother, the Young Boy and Girl), symbols (Younger Brother, Sarah), and icons (Houdini, Coalhouse Walker, Emiliano Zapata). He wonders how to convey this point without sounding pompous.

He reads on. The lives of the three American families, white, immigrant, and black, continue to combine unexpectedly. The Critic notes that nothing less than the history of America is being recounted with extreme insouciance. He wonders briefly if his Editor will allow him to use that word.

Once of twice, as during the scene which climaxes with Younger Brother bursting upon Red Emma and naked Evelyn Nesbit, the motions of his left hand over the crackers-and-cheese become faintly erotic; but he does not notice this. He reads of Tateh and the Young Girl travelling halfway across the continent for three dollars and fifty cents; of the destruction of Coalhouse Walker's Ford automobile; of Archduke Franz Ferdinand congratulating Houdini on the invention of the aeroplane.

Part of the Critic's mind is beginning to worry about coping with all this in an ordinary review. The rest of his mind ignores the spoilsport and reads on. The Critic approves the steady acceleration of the plot and interaction of symbols. He is particularly impressed by the final gathering up of all threads under precisely the single appropriate symbol. He recalls with sudden anticipation that Robert Altman is to film the novel. Then he becomes aware that his right hand can turn no more pages and has reached for his pen. The crackers-and-cheese were long ago exhausted.

The Critic does not begin to write his review. Instead, virtually without precedent, he turns back to the epigraph from Scott Joplin, famous musician. He realizes the full import of disobeying the author's instructions. He has gulped **RAGTIME** down in one sitting. Now he can never again read this novel for this first time.

The Critic begins to cry.

Welcome!

It's my pleasure to address you in the first regular issue of the Martlet for 1975-76.

I would like to invite you to come and see me or any of the other members of the Representative Assembly, if you are interested in finding out how the Alma Mater Society operates. It is your organization, and as such we try to represent the concerns of students on this campus. We offer such services as: this student newspaper, the Martlet, a S.U.B. PUB, a film programme, Cincecenta, various activities, some fifty clubs open to all students, and many more programmes you can take advantage of.

In this ad you will see some of the committee positions available for A.M.S. representation. I recommend if you are interested, to get involved.

Finally I want to wish you a successful year, and please don't hesitate to come and see us in the S.U.B. if you have any problems this year.

Yours truly,
Clayton Shold
President, A.M.S.

The following committees require A.M.S. representation. If you are interested in finding out more about the committees and their work, or are interested in sitting on any of the committees please contact Clay Shold or Karen Frebberg in the S.U.B.

Academic Planning (2 names)
Continuing Education (1 name)
Summer Session (1 name)
Teaching and Learning (2 names)
Academic Standards (2 names)

Centennial Stadium (1 name)
Educational Liasion (2 names)
Late Payment Fee Appeals (2 names)
Traffic and Parking (2 names)

Academic Standards (1 name)
Curriculum Committee (3 names:

1 Humanities
1 Sciences
1 Social Sciences)

PANACHE

by W.P.Kinsella

Me and Frank Fence-post and a few other guys been taking a course that the government offers on how to be mechanics. The first year of the course was just about over and Mr. Nichols, our English instructor and Councellor, was helping some of us write out job application letters so we maybe work and earn some money in the summer.

I have to write Frank Fence-post's letters cause he is only able to write most of his name.

"Hey, Silas," Frank he say to me, "if we get these letters wrote up all spelled right and all, wouldn't it be better if we could keep them from knowing we is Indians?"

"How we gonna do that?" says Tom Pony, "With names like Silas Ermineskin, Donald Bobtail, and Rufus Firstrider, it not going to be so hard for them to guess."

Frank, he finally decide to sign his letters J. Frank Fence-post, so it sound important just like the Mayor of Wetaskiwin, who is Mr. J. William Oberholtzer. We all laugh a lot about that, but Mr. Nichols he say that us guys will maybe get to work in a mill somewhere but they put Frank in Public Relations, whatever that is.

The last talk that Mr. Nichols give us in English class is one that I never forget. It is Mr. Nichols who get me to write down stories and he say if I keep on maybe someday I write some good enough to get printed.

His lecture was all about a French word called panache, which he say is, and I write it down real careful - The ability to exude the effect of a plume on a helmet -

He show us pictures of knights with big curled feathers above their armour, and he tell us that anybody can act like he got them feathers. If we stand tall and have the right attitude then we can have panache and look like we warriors wearing a war bonnet and holding a lance, even if we really just got on jeans and a tee-shirt. Then we look at pictures of Indian chiefs and Mr. Nichols say that they got more nobility and panache than knights ever had. I make sure I remember what it is he tells us but I don't figure I have a chance to use it for maybe a long time.

Me and Frank and Tom Pony all got hired by a coal mine out near Jasper, Alberta, and a good long way from our reserve here at Hobbema. The mine is at a place called Luscar, what used to be a town but ain't anymore, and the mine ain't underground like you would suppose but is up top and called a strip mine. The mine is called Cardinal Coal Mines and Frank he figures that it must be owned by Indians. We got about twenty families named Cardinal on the reserve and we guess maybe one of them runs it.

The nearest town is called Hinton, and the three of us take the bus up there and get us a basement room and board with a white lady who says we should call her Gran. He husband runs the movie machine at the picture show and he say he let us guys in free to all the movies.

"That's really white of you," Frank says. I kick his ankle and when we alone I tell him not to make fun of these people cause they is really trying to be nice on us. None of us ever been in a white peoples house before - they even got three goldfish in a big glass jar.

Gran, she serves us more food than I ever seen before, and she say she gonna have to fatten us up, especially Tom Pony who is little and got hollow cheeks. She say he looks like he never had a good meal in his life.

Boy, this is sure nice people, and things look good for us until the first day we start work.

We have to take a company bus about twenty-five miles out to the mine and boy do the guys we gonna work with ever look funny at us on the way out.

"Maybe they don't have no Indians in this part of the country, " whispers Frank.

"Maybe they do," say Tom Pony.

I never even dream there are places like this mine. They got there what they call trucks but they is three men tall and the cab sits off to one side like they missed when they put it together. I am almost six feet tall but I don't even come to the top of one wheel. These trucks go up and down narrow little trails and then back up to the very edge of what sure look like hell to me, and dump their load. The rocks go down, what the foreman says is over 500 feet into a pit that he says been burning for maybe twenty years. There is smoke hang around over everything, make it like it cloudy all the time.

We don't have to drive the trucks and I sure glad about that. We just gonna do odd jobs. That is if we ever get to work, cause when the shifts change everybody have a big meeting with the foreman. We don't have to figure too hard to guess that it is about us.

All the men wear bright red coveralls and yellow hardhats and what with the dust and smoke hang around all over, it sure remind me of a picture I seen once of all the devils in hell.

"We ain't gonna have no so-and-so Indians work here," says a big man with a beer belly and yellow hair.

"I don't like it no better than you, Gunderson," say the foreman. Then he goes into a long story about how the government gives money to the mine, but if the mine takes the money it got to hire some guys like us.

They argue for a long time. Gunderson say there no way the men gonna work if we work.

"Look," say the foreman, "I'm gonna put the tall one up in the tower with a pencil and the other two on odd jobs. You won't even know they're here."

Gunderson went and had a pow-wow with the other men.

"As long as they don't touch none of the equipment. We don't want them to screw nothing up. It's dangerous enough here without guys like that working on our machines." I can tell right then that we ain't gonna get to do no mechanic work even though that's what we been trained to do for the last year.

"It think they is afraid of us," say Frank. "Should I show them my knife? That Gunderson guy's hair sure look good on my belt."

What happens is we don't get to do much of anything. I count the loads each truck dumps but some other guy counts them too. Frank sweeps the floor of the garage and when he finish he sweep it again. Tom Pony stands out near where the trucks back up. He is supposed to wave them back and signal them when to stop which would be an important job except that all the drivers they been working here a long time and they put the truck where they want it and don't pay no attention to Tom except for a couple of them I think tried to run him over once or twice.

"They'll get used to you in a few days," said Gran, while she was packing us the biggest lunches I ever seen with sandwiches made with real ham and fresh tomatoes. We only been here a couple of week and already Tom Pony look like he is put on weight.

"You just seem a little strange to them," Gran went on, "Once they get to know you everything will be o.k." Gran, she remind me of my Ma who is always believe everything gonna be o.k. too, no matter how bad it get.

"They is plenty strange to us too," says Frank, "Don't nobody every think of that?"

Gunderson, he have all the men except us sign their names on a paper sheet that he gonna send to the head office of the mine, so they have to get rid of us.

But the paper it never got sent because that afternoon Gunderson have his accident. I was way up in the tower so all I could do was watch. Gunderson is back his truck up to the edge of the pit but he come up real fast try to scare Tom Pony and go a few feet too far and the rock start to crumble away from under the back wheels. He tries to pull forward but all that keeps the truck from going down is the forward pull of the wheels.

"Jump!" Yells the foreman, but Gunderson is all tangled up and hangs there like a monkey on a stick I seen once at the Royal American Shows at the Ponoka Stampede. Some say that Gunderson got his overalls caught on the gearshift or that he had his boot jammed under the brake. It depend who you listen to tells the story, but he is sure one long time getting out of that cab.

What happens next I don't believe if I don't see. Tom Pony been waving him back and he is right at the edge looking at where the rock breaking away. Afterward, everybody say how Tom is a hero and all, and what a good Indian he is because he save Gunderson's life even though he trying to get Tom fired. I don't think Tom even knew who was in the cab. But I put myself in his place and figure that if that truck go over, guess who gonna get blamed, the Indian or the driver? I figure Tom was more trying to save our jobs than anything else, but I never tell anybody else that. It funny how people, even big tough ones like Gunderson and his friends, like to believe in heros.

Tom Pony he get right out on the edge of the pit dig in his foot and push against the wheel of the truck. I only heard about someone show strength like he did then.

On the reserve they tell about one time Moses Louis rolled his Volkswagen on top of himself and Mrs. Louis she picked it up off him cause she was the only one around and if she didn't he'd of died.

"Jump!" The foreman keeps yelling and someone is climb up and pull on Gunderson's one leg that hangs out the door, but no one goes back to help Tom Pony. He just pushes against the back wheel and from way up where I am I can tell that for a few seconds that truck stops crawling backward. Those few seconds give Gunderson enough time to untangle and finally he is jump clear. Tom Pony ain't so lucky. He got no place to jump clear to and the rig goes over the bank and takes Tom with it.

That night we is all sit around the bar down to the Timberline Hotel in Hinton. Gunderson is our best friend now and so is just about everybody else. They sure buy us a lot of beer and say what good guys we are. Gunderson sat that there should be a memorial of some kind for Tom Pony, even if they never gonna be able to get his body up out of that burning pit. He pass the hat around the bar and collect a whole lot of bills, mostly tens and twenties.

"We're going to buy a stone and put it on the side of the hill by the mine entrance for everybody to see," Gunderson say. Everybody is some happy.

"Hey, Partner," Frank say to me, "You figure they figure if they buy us enough beer it gonna bring Tom Pony back to life?"

Sometime, Frank he see a lot more than he let on.

Me and Frank went with Gunderson the next morning down to the tombstone place. Gunderson talked to a man in a suit and a bright red tie who pointed out the different stones in the yard.

"This here's the best one we can get for the money we got," Gunderson says finally, pointing at a shiny black stone with what looked like little flecks of gold in it.

"It's o.k. with me," I said. It be better if we give the money to Tom Pony's mother, but I don't say that.

"What do you want on it?" Say the man in the suit.

"Why couldn't we just take the stone back with us to Hobbema?" say Frank. "We could take it on the bus. I buy it a ticket myself and it can sit beside me just like Tom Pony did on the way down."

I was trying to think of what to put on the stone.

"His name?" said the man.

"Tom Pony."

"Thomas..."

"No. Just Tom."

"Date of birth?"

Frank and me looked at each other. "He was eighteen," I said.

"You want an inscription? You get up to six words free."

I couldn't think of anything for a while, then I remember Mr. Nichols last lecture to us.

"Panache," I said.

"What's that?" said the tombstone man, who was making notes with a pencil in a scribbler.

"It's what I want on Tom Pony's tombstone. Panache."

I had to spell it for him about six times before he got it right.

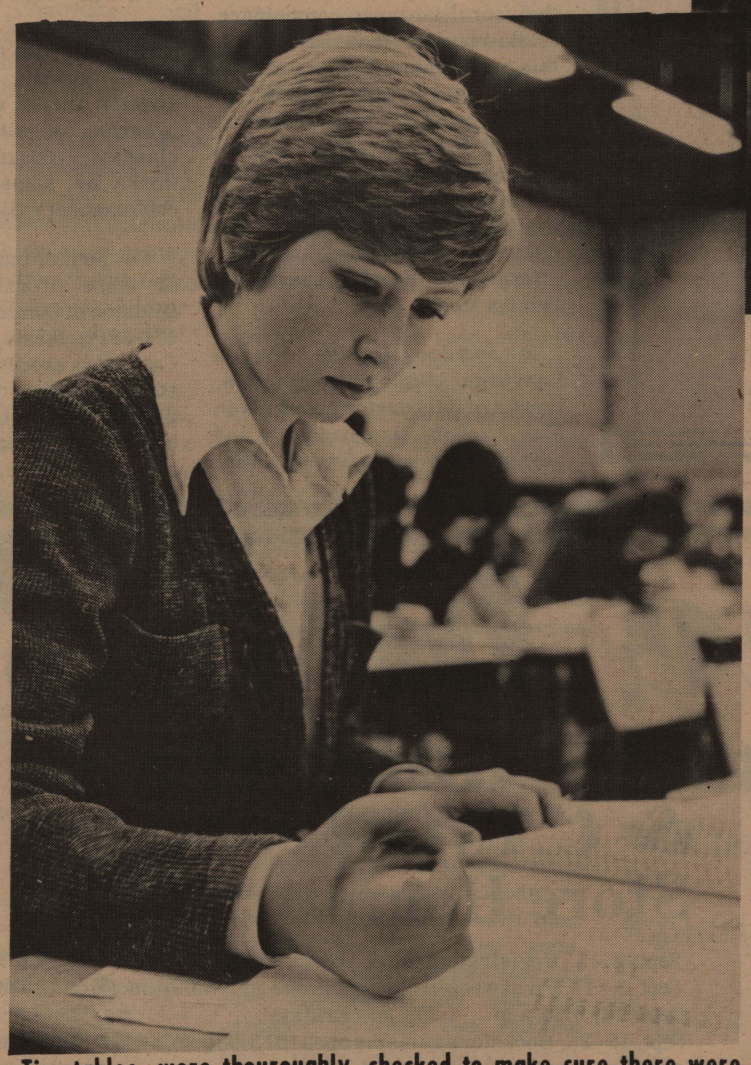
"What is it anyway, some kind of Indian word?"

"Yeah, I think it is," I said.

Back To "Normal"

9:30 AM Wednesday , and students registering in the afternoon were already lounging outside the gym as the morning line-up shuffled past .

First on the agenda after picking up computer cards was the inevitable " mug shot " which students have to live with all year. A smile may not be a bad idea -- it may give give your spirit an uplift once March rolls around : besides, as the photo attests , there's always an audience!



Timetables were thouroughly checked to make sure there were no last minute changes. After that it was hopefully all downhill.

Meanwhile, across campus , early-birds beat the bookstore line-ups and even had room to browze.

It almost **takes** a psychologist to get through the maze of books! Patsy O'Connell's next test will be the Cornett building.

photos by Phil Esmonde

Continuing Education fall lineup

by Stacey Seaborne

A university education used to be thought of as the final preparation for "life". Once you had your degree, you were "complete", and the knowledge you had gained could be expected to carry you through years of personal and working life. Now we think of education as an on-going experience which we are likely to continue formally and informally throughout our lives, and we think of the University as a centre for the provision of some of those experiences.

Through the University of Victoria Division of Continuing Education, whose job it is to organize learning experiences for adults, the University makes its resources available to all residents of the community. Many of the non-credit courses and programs have a special appeal to the students, faculty and staff, and students particularly may find a number of these courses will complement their credit courses.

The French Language Diploma Program, for example, is designed especially for adult students who wish to improve their oral language competence. Audio-visual methods are used in this programme which is divided into levels - appropriate for beginners, for students with a limited ability in spoken French, and for advanced students with a good grasp of both oral and written French. Classes are offered in convenient morning, afternoon or evening sessions - twice a week.

In addition to the French Language Diploma Program, there are introductory courses in nine other languages, and advanced classes in Greek, Latin, Spanish and Norwegian.

The program of languages however is only one aspect of the University's non-credit offerings. There are courses in the Liberal and Creative Arts such as Dante's Divine Comedy, Explorations in Visual Literacy, The Metric System, Identification and Naming of Wild Plants, and Women in Russian Literature. Students can take classes in film and television production techniques or study piano in the Electronic Piano course.

There are special programs too - a course in Adult Individual Fitness, Dinner-Theatre Evenings, and a symposium for women only which will focus on special concerns of women. A program of public lectures - The Rite of Death - will consider selected topics on death and dying. These will be held in Elliott 168, beginning on September 25.

In addition to these programs, Film Society will continue another season with an exciting program of silent and sound classics, documentaries and works by some of the great contemporary film makers.

For further information on any of these programs, call the Division of Continuing Education, 477-6911, locals 802, 803, 804. Calendars are available from the Division in "L" Building, from the McPherson Library or from the Student Union Building.

HELP WANTED

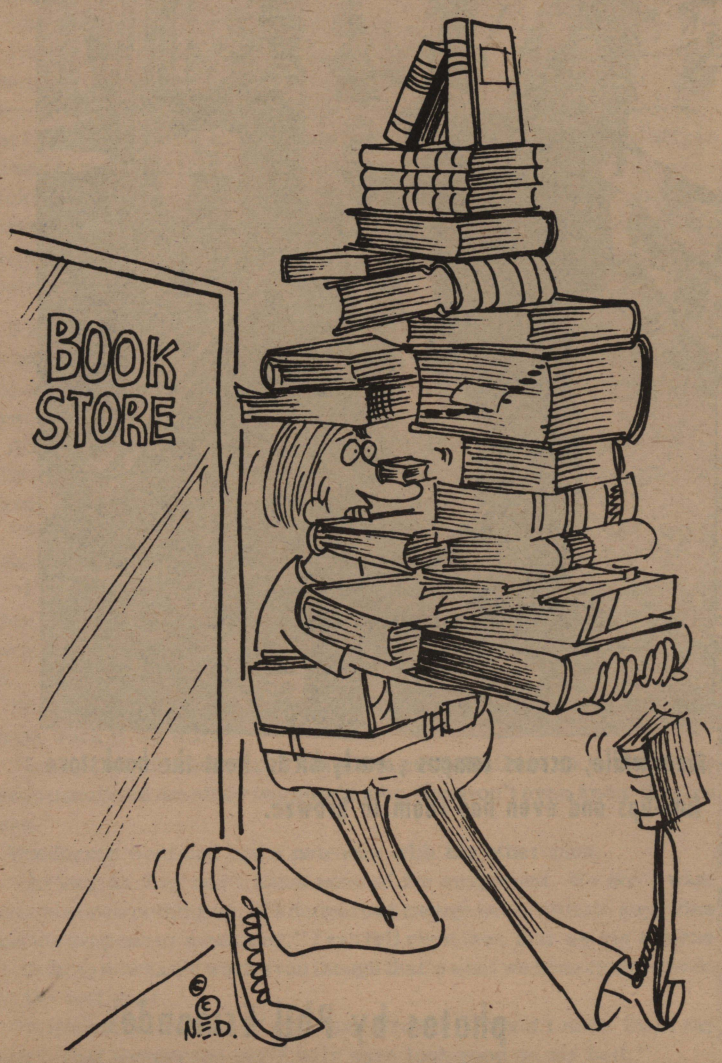
Students required for part-time employment:

SUB Pub
Cafeteria
Martlet
Cinecenta

Apply: General Office
Student Union

Welcome back!

YOUR UNIVERSITY BOOKSTORE & CAMPUS SHOP



Store Hours:

Sept. 2 - 5, Registration Week, Both Stores: 8:30 a.m. - 4:30 p.m.
Sept. 8 - 11, First week of classes, 8:30 a.m. - 8:00 p.m. (Mon. - Thurs.)
Sept. 12, 8:30 a.m. -4:30p.m. (Friday)
Sept. 15 - 25, Bookstore remains open 'til 8:00 p.m. as for first week of classes. (Friday, 8:30 a.m. - 4:30 p.m.)
Sept. 15 - 26 and thereafter, Campus Shop, 9:00 a.m. - 5:00 p.m. regular hours Monday to Friday.
After September 26, Bookstore, 9:00 a.m. - 5:00 p.m. (Mon. - Fri.

Take advantage of our evening hours.

Policies:

BOOK PRICES - 5 percent off publishers' list prices for books purchased in Canada; full list price for books imported by the bookstore and for books not required or recommended for specific courses.

BOOK RETURNS - Keep your receipts and do not mark your books in any way; you may then return your ppurchases until October 31 and after that date within 10 days of date shown on your receipt.

USED BOOKS - Used books are bought from students between April 15 and September 5 at one-half the selling price and are resold at three-quarters on our regulsr shelves.

Attend our special **Book Buy**, Sept. 4 & 5, 10 a.m. - 4 p.m.

Books no longer used at UVic will be bought by a representative of a wholesale company.

SPECIAL ORDERS + Any book in print, in any language, form anywhere in the world may be ordered through the special order department.

CHEQUES - You may pay by cheque upon presentation of your student card at the check-out. You can speed line-ups by filling your cheque out beforehand - except for the amount.

TEXTBOOK RE-ORDERS - In case of textbook shortages due to over-enrollment of certain courses we shall re-order immediately.

Leave your name at the front desk if you cannot find a needed text.

Concert Enriching

by Robert Hazard

Summermusic, a series of musical concerts presented at the MacLaurin Auditorium, staged twice weekly during the month of July was well received by capacity audiences.

The conductor, director and coordinator of this summer's concert series was Dr. George Corwin of the University of Victoria's music department.

Corwin organized a highly competent string ensemble that was comprised mainly of leading members of the Victoria Symphony and of excellent professional solo artists.

Again, Corwin must be commended not only on choosing an excellent ensemble and solo lineup, but for his judgements on repertoire. Contrasts and variations typified the work in general which kept audience interest and involvement at a peak.

The first of four sets of double concerts featured Winifred Scott and Robin Wood. Their considerable pianistic reputation certainly suffered none as they thrilled their audience with highly artistic renderings of Mozart, Brahms, Bartok and Rachmaninoff.

This skilled team of husband and wife displayed topnotch professionalism which was particularly evidenced by their impeccable timing. Initiatory entries were right on and every concluding passage an experience in musical appreciation. The integration of these two perfectly attuned artists was a delight to behold, as they in turn responded to the music and their corresponding partner.

Robin Wood had more abandon in his approach than Winifred, who is nonetheless a fine technician in her own right.

Robin's light hearted preambles broke the audience up on a few occasions and it seemed to intensify the personal involvement of the audience to be addressed casually by this big, warm hearted clown who is obviously enjoying the playing and sharing of his music.

Set Two found the Summer Strings together for the first time with very little time for rehearsal and consequently some difficulties arose.

Entries, particularly violin, were woolly. Harry Cawood, concertmaster of the stringed ensemble (and the Victoria Symphony) appeared to be a breath ahead of his colleagues who were a bit hesitant. In a situation like this, it is difficult for everybody, particularly the conductor.

As the evening wore on and the ensemble had struggled through C.P.E. Bach and Britten, they seemed better integrated but had to scuffle through the remaining J.S. Bach and Grieg selections. Nevertheless, the music was delightful and we enjoyed the concert more because of the musicians' sincerity and grit than anything else.

Lanny Pollet, solo flute, seemed a bit hampered by the situation and lacked some of his usual spontanaity but turned in a creditable performance.

Set Three featured Trio Victoria. I feel that Cawood, Hunter and Wood far outstripped their joint efforts as evidenced last symphony season. The depth that was lacking last season was all there in this concert effort. The consistency of high quality musicianship was impressive but great feeling was there too.

Both Wood and Cawood turned in outstanding performances but I was particularly impressed with the cello of James Hunter. It was disappointing that Mr. Hunter did not have a little more opportunity to display his talents, as he was at his best. Debussy, Beethoven and Dvorak were the composers of the works performed here. Balance and subtlety of exchange rank number one on my list of plusses. These fellows are pros!

Concert four served to absolve the stringed ensemble of any and all shortcomings indicated in the first concert. The musicians certainly did their homework. I felt that Mr. Cawood, as solosit, performed well but without the depth of feeling exhibited earlier in the series. His excellent musicianship, however, is never in question. It is true that Mr. Cawood was doubling as concertmaster, but his solo work seemed a bit "routine". The string ensemble, on the other hand, gave us everything.

Ensemble and conductor were working in unison. What an improvement! I hope we'll hear more from them, and soon. Corwin's conducting was exciting and energentic. He put the audience through a real workout and I doubt that anyone can deny being caught up in this nerve bearing performance.

The works here were by Sammartini, Warlock Vivaldi, and Dvorak. Incidentally, the selections "La Primavera" or "Spring" (concerto in E) and "L'Estate" or "Summer" (concerto in G) were amusing in regard to sound effects and a program filler which supplied the corresponding prose to the Vivaldi works.

The concert series as a whole was enriching musically for the audience and a triumph for the musicians.

Housing continued from one

expenditures are concerned. "The council is the group I'm really unhappy with," Clayton Shold said. "They said they wouldn't back student housing but they said they would back us in our bids to Central Mortgage and Housing. When CMH told us student housing was at the bottom of their list of priorities, we went back to the council to ask if they had known that in the first place. They said they had known."

Petch said that there is no money available to borrow and even if there was, with the present interest rates, the students couldn't afford to pay back a loan. "You just feel as if you're going around and around in this thing," he said.

In an effort to get the money for residences, Shold said the AMS plans to make representations to the Universities' Council or directly to the government. However, because of the council's attitude, he sees little chance for improvement in the near future.

THESE MEN ARE YOUR FRIENDS!!

They are protecting you from evil people who plan to take over the world by using you as a nefarious anti-falangist instrument known as a *student journalist.*

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COSMIC RAY'S TELESCOPE

Along with Blue Monday's, Toddling Reviews, Barberous Notes, and Infinite Howarts, there must be Kosmic Vistas which pick up where the jig left off. Hence, TELESCOPE, a special contribution to another winter session of Martlet publications.

Universities have become very much like pressure cookers from which the lucky people get blown off as steam; others gravitate into syndicates and end up purchasing ex-Nazi yachts, for instance.

Meanwhile back at the ranch, so to speak, a BARRETTER, as defined in the Electronics Vest Pocket Reference Book, is a metallic resistor with a positive temperature coefficient of restivity and is used for detection and power-level measurements - which is nice to know if the PRICE is right and you become a city editor of an up and coming weekly newspaper.

Provincial elections in B.C. traditionally have been fought between the GODLY and the UNGODLY, but since '72 there has been a noticeable change (thanks to big L liberalism) now the next election will be fought between the GOLDLY and the UNGOLDLY.

And speaking liberally, PET's Party is certainly keeping a low profile in Victoria, any lower and Margaret will have to be sent out West to help leader David collect his marbles and head home to Ottawa.

Whatever became of that Firebrand of Reform Ms. Dailly? Perhaps the inhibited Dept. of Education has ploughed her under after the Knight Affair. It's well known that many teachers have no love fr Ms. D., but it's a safe bet that teachers would flip head over heels for a certain Ms. BROWN if ever the B.C. Cabinet Boss could learn to recognize real talent.

Ms. Brown's Fling into the Federal Field has given her other potentials as well. She is now a leading contender to replace Mr. Barrett when he reluctantly is forced to take over from Broadbent when Ed bellies up in a couple of years or so. What a merry-go-round political parties seem to be once "upstarts" begin to jump party ranks.

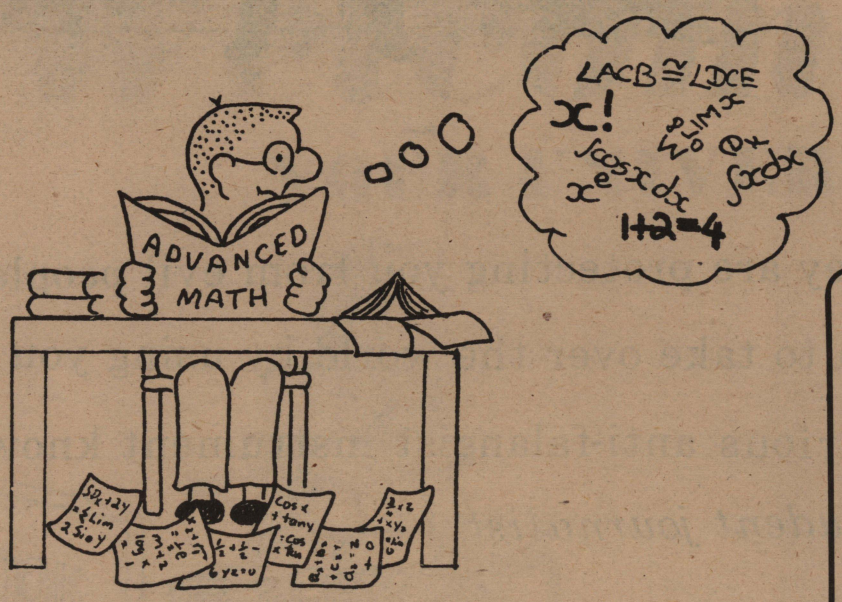
If Fascism is the political result of ochlocracy, and Communism is the political result of absolute monarchy, then Socialism is the political result of democracy.

Also, if Capitalism is the final stage of plutocracy, and Imperialism is the final stage of oligarchy, then Militarism is the final stage of anarchy.

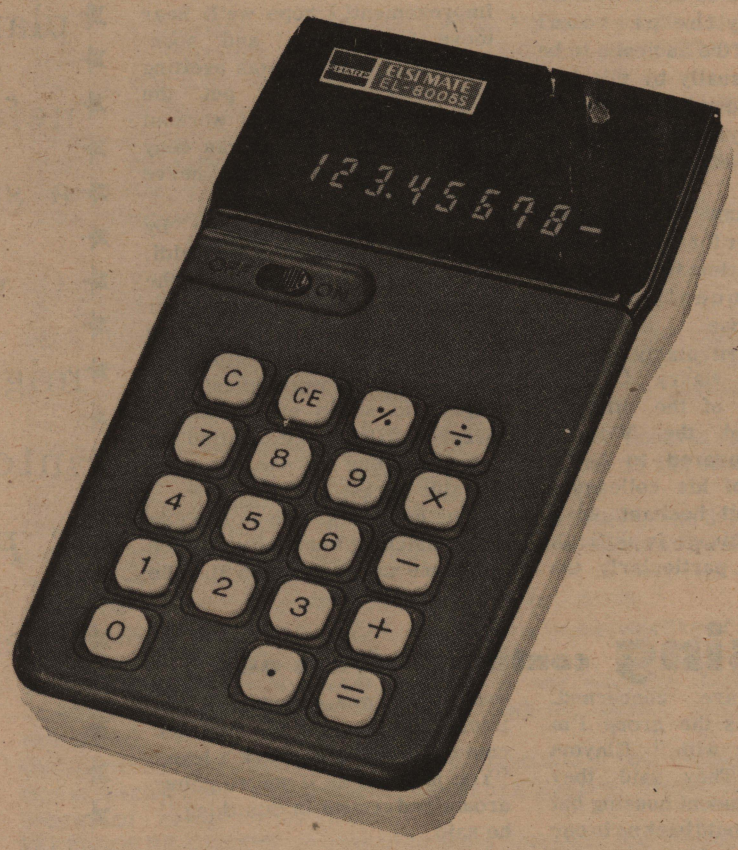
Moreover, if inflation is the ultimate economic form of greed, and poverty is the ultimate economic form of ignorance, then strikes are the ultimate economic form of suicide.

Finally, if Individualism is the net outcome of alienation, and Collectivism is the net outcome of cooperation, then Barrettism is the net outcome of Bennettism.

And now for a nice Zen run to refresh the senses; God bless all the members of UVic's security staff, especially Alf in the heady realm of the BOG, and Alumni everywhere who haven't contributed a dime to the greater glories of university education.



If figures are giving you a problem maybe we can help!



CALCULATORS

Starting Tuesday, Sept. 9, the following calculators may be purchased at the Bookstore:

SHARP **TEXAS INSTRUMENTS**

Mr Barry Rigby of Kellam Business Systems Ltd. will be on hand in the mall in front of the Bookstore on Tuesday, Sept. 9, from 10 am to 4 pm for consultation.

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This is NASHVILLE

by Russ Wodell

When the mobster in Robert Altman's THE LONG GOODBYE suddenly smashed his girl's face in with a Coke bottle, you could hear the director shouting "Get it, **American** violence, get it?". A similar heavyhanded editorializing nearly ruins the end of NASHVILLE, as a minor character stares at a huge, rippling Stars-and-Stripes backdrop before senselessly gunning down the country-western singer on stage. We can hardly fail to get the point, but the rubbing-our-nose-in-it blatancy makes me reject it emotionally while (with some reservations) I can acknowledge its validity as political comment.

This needs to be said at the beginning, because otherwise NASHVILLE is such a terrific film that one can almost forgive Altman that ending. Almost. Certainly the most troubling aspect of this man's uneven career is his persistent, idiosyncratic use of screen violence: seven of his nine feature films to date end in bloody murder (the exceptions being MASH and CALIFORNIA SPLIT).

Newsweek's profile suggests that this is a "fatalism" instilled by Catholic upbringing, but I wonder if Altman does not simply gravitate toward melodramatic endings as an easy way of shoring up the loose, improvisatory structures of his films into commercial packaging. It seems significatnt that the killing - it remains unclear whether or not it qualifies as the "assassination" most critics have dubbed it - was substituted by Altman for writer Joan Tewkesbury's more plausible suicide during the actual shooting (no pun intended).

But I come to praise Altman, not bury him, and aside from the above stricture I can find only one main fault with NASHVILLE - that it isn't twice as long as its present 2½ hours. Originally it was; and Altman has announced his intention to re-edit his total footage into a television mini-series on the order of Bergman's **SCENES FROM A MARRIAGE** or Coppola's projected version of the Godfather films. This sounds like a fascinating experiment, but won't make up for our immediate loss.

NASHVILLE is a culmination of Altman's experiments in freewheeling narrative: we follow twenty-four, count them, twenty-four characters through their random or planned interactions as they sift into the enclosed, hotly competitive world of country-western music which centers on otherwise unremarkable Nashville, Tennessee.

The actors wrote and perform their own songs, to a great extent improvised and developed their own roles, and under Altman's guidance they are all so extraordinarily good - even Geraldine Chaplin, even Karen Black (!), even Henry Gibson (!!) - that the loss of three-quarters of his footage must have affected Altman like a triple amputation.

Still, he and his editors have managed to shape what remains cleverly enough that only occasional imbalances in the handling of characters testify to the studio hatchet job. We don't, for example, see quite enough of the black singer (Timothy Brown) or the farmer (Bert Remsen) searching for his runaway wife (Barbara Harris) for them to register fully.

The main connecting thread is the Presidential campaign of independent candidate Hal Phillip Walker, a sort of Wallace-McGovern hybrid, whose sound truck blares out his bluegrass roots speeches throughout the film. At first just quietly absurd, Walker's unseen presence, and the on-screen machinations of his campaign manager (Michael Murphy), become quietly sinister as the parallels between folk entertainment and politics become more and more pointed.

I don't know quite what people who like country-western music will make of this. Altman may weigh the scales a little by not acknowledging that folk art is always sentimental and deeply conservative (how could it not be?), but then again folk art has never before been tied to the enormous economic and political power it wields in contemporary America.

There is also the consolation that the only characters explicitly presented as destructive are Chaplin's BBC reporter and the two young refugees from the world of rock (Shelly Duvall and Keith Carradine of THIEVES LIKE US).

Altman's distinguishing feature as director, his ability to people his films with relationships rather than mere characters, was previously seen to best effect in the zany war commune in MASH and the tentative frontier community in McCABE & MRS. MILLER. (When he tries to concentrate on alienated individuals in chic efforts like IMAGES, his films collapse right off the screen.)

In NASHVILLE there is nothing but interrelationships, so superbly orchestrated that we are convinced that we really are noticing the details, such as who goes or doesn't go to which church on Sunday, for ourselves. This is a triumph of style which shouldn't be spoiled by critics giving away too much in advance.

Let me just salute the actors once again - with special mention of Gwen Welles, Ronnee Blakely, and Lily Tomlin - by pointing out that Altman lists the credits in alphabetical order, giving the actor with the smallest speaking role (David Arkin as Norman the chauffeur) top billing. That nicely ironic touch conveys the flavour of the film better than pages of plot summary.

Go. See it twice.

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SEPT '75
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9PM to 1AM

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TICKETS (PER DANCE)
STUDENTS - 2.00
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TICKETS AVAILABLE AT SUB OFFICE

FROSH WEEK

FRI. SEPT. 5
9PM: BAND IN SUB PUB

SAT. SEPT. 6
9PM: COMMONS BLOCK DANCE

MON. SEPT. 8
NOON: BAND ON SUB LAWN
9PM: BAND IN SUB PUB

WED. SEPT. 10
NOON: BAND ON SUB LAWN
9PM: BAND IN SUB PUB

FRI. SEPT. 12
NOON: BAND ON SUB LAWN
7·15: CINECENTA IN MAC
"FRANKENSTEIN ON CAMPUS" PLUS "COLLEGE CONFIDENTIAL"
9PM: COMMONS BLOCK DANCE
9PM: BAND IN SUB PUB

SAT. SEPT. 13
7&9·15: CINECENTA IN MAC 144 "AMERICAN GRAFFITI"
9PM: COMMONS BLOCK DANCE
9PM: SAT. SUB PUB - LOW KEY - FOLK

SUN. SEPT. 14
7·15PM: CINECENTA IN MAC144 "AMERICAN GRAFFITI"

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Ads can be mailed to the Martlet, placed in our box in the SUB foyer, slipped under our door, or handed to us during office hours. Sorry, we do not accept ads over the telephone.

Ads should be typed and triple-spaced. To students, they're free.

FOR SALE: Television. 20" black and white Canadian General Electric portable TV. 100 per cent solid-state for long trouble-free performance. UHF-VHF tuner. Like new condition. Only $119. Phone 385-8092. Baby Seat for 26" or 27" bicycle. $6. Phone 385-8092.

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CO-OP ROOM IN FAIRFIELD. Young professional couple are looking to share our large family home with mature, serious student. Rent $85.00 mo. plus sharing food costs (as arranged). Room is UPSTAIRS, semi-private entrance, some furnishings, carpeted, sunny and freshly painted with some view. Available Sept. 6 or 7th. Call 383-6720.

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california Heading South mid-September and looking for rides. If you're doing same and need a passenger to drive and share gas call COLIN 385-0110 or 592-6034. Thanks.

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Regional arts panels planned

Plans for the establishment of Regional Arts Panels were unveiled in August by Provincial Secretary Ernest Hall at a meeting of the B.C. Interim Arts Board in Vancouver.

Mr. Hall, Minister responsible for the B.C. Cultural Programme, said plans call for twelve regions eventually, with an immediate start on four "pilot" areas: Northwest, Cariboo, Kootenays and North Coast-Island.

"As I promised, just over a year ago, the community will be involved in all decisions affecting the development and implementation of cultural policy in our province," the Minister said.

He went on to state that the arts and cultural services provided to any community must accurately reflect the needs of that particular community.

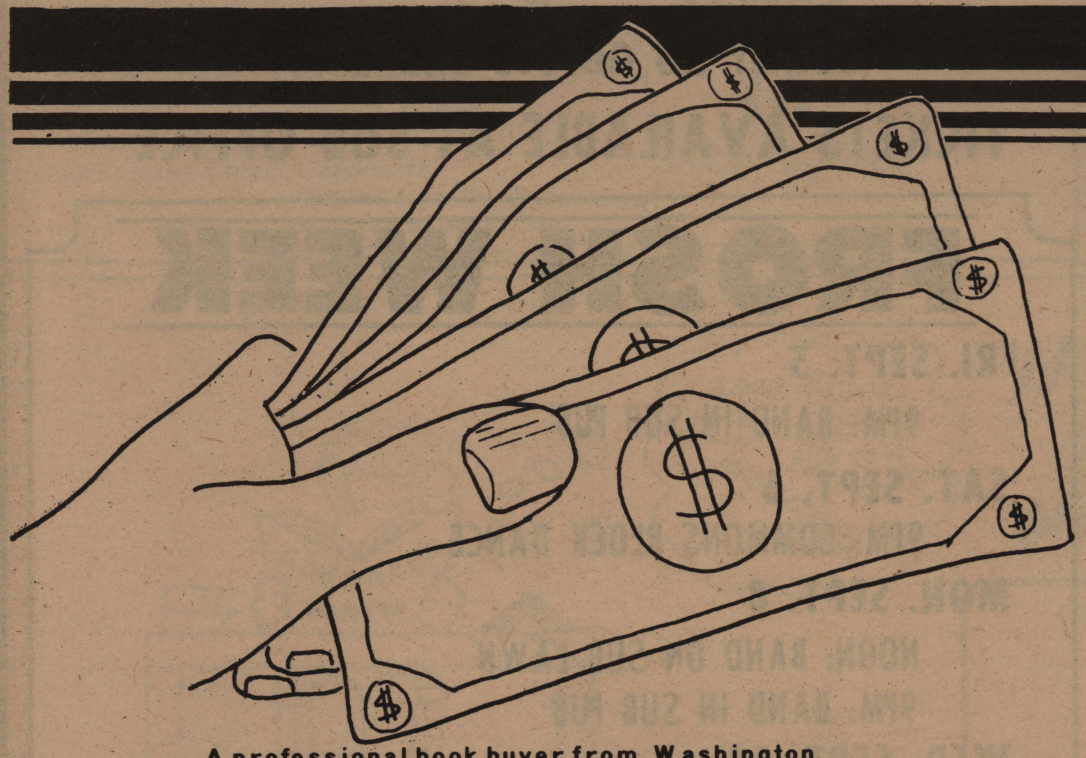
"This means," he said, "to a very large extent, artistic decisions affecting the lives of our citizens will be made on a local, regional basis."

The Regional Arts Panels will be elected by the arts organizations, artists and interested people of each region. Each region will also elect a representative to sit on the permanent B.C. Arts Board to be established in the fall.

Organization for major conferences in each of the four initial regions has begun, and elections will be held later this year.

NOTICE

Due to a shortage of space there will be no A.M.S. Book Exchange this year.



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A professional book buyer from Washington Book Company, Seattle, Washington, will conduct a book buy back service for two days. The buyer will buy books on which the bookstore has a faculty commitment for fall term, and that are to be retained for use at the University of Victoria for one-half of list price. The bookstore will offer these books for sale to students at a substantial reduction from the new price.

The buyer will also buy books no longer needed at the University of Victoria for resale at other colleges and universities, at prices which are determined by such factors as age, original list price, popularity of the book, and availability of a market for the book.

The advantages of this system are many. Most significant is the fact that the students can sell all their books (except those that are obsolete) and receive immediate cash. Students are advised to bring all their books for evaluation, since very few will be completely obsolete. The buyer will offer a fair price which the seller is at liberty to accept or reject.

Washington Book Company is a book wholesaler who will offer the books purchased at the University of Victoria to other colleges that need the book this fall. This makes it possible for students at other colleges to buy their books at reduced prices, just as books purchased elsewhere by Washington Book Company may enable University of Victoria students to buy their books at reduced prices.

AT THE BOOKSTORE SEPT. 3 & 4

(Wednesday and Thursday)

10 a.m. to 4 p.m.

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